

As We Could Be by gala_apples

Series: [As We... \[3\]](#)

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Summary:

Things have been different, since Nancy got back together with Steve.

As We Could Be

Two weeks after El closes the gate with her freaky mind powers, Nancy's getting out of the passenger's side of Steve's car, full from the pasta plate she ate at the upscale restaurant they went to, because of course Steve gets a massive allowance. When your parents are home a combined total of ten days in a month, meals have to be paid for somehow.

Steve waits for her at the front bumper of his car, and escorts her with a hand on her back to the front door. He unlocks the door, and she steps in. Funny thing about the Harrington house, two story, enormous, an entire room dedicated to antique furniture no one is allowed to touch: she feels more like she's fitting in when she's in fancy dress. A family like the Harringtons, it's gallant or nothing, genial or a disappointment.

Maybe that expectation of class is why Steve seems to revel in unbuckling the bold belt buckle he's sporting, dropping his beige trousers, and fucking her in the middle of the sitting room. Nancy's head is half buried in the cushion of the pretty floral couch, knees tight against the ninety degree angle where floor meets furniture. Her baby pink pleated skirt is bunched on top of the small hollow of her lower back, and Nancy's distantly worried about how many wrinkles are being created in the sweat soaked, crushed fabric, but not enough to stop. If she has to sneak in and make sure to keep a front facing angle with mom at all times, she will. Better than another lecture, because if mom can't control her love life anymore she can certainly try to control Nancy's.

Steve's hands are curled around her shoulders, partly helping in holding her down. They fuck almost silently, for once, except for the grunts and sighs and the wispy noise of fabric roughly pulled against fabric. Nancy comes first, because doggy style always gets that spot in her pussy that make her muscles tremble. Sometimes she even gets this weird sensation, like she has to pee.

As Nancy moans loud enough to make glass tremble, Steve pulls out with a wet squelch. He jams his fingers inside and keeps pressing on that area, and for only the third time ever, Nancy comes like a boy

does; forcefully and with air height, unlike the usual slow seeping.

“You look so fucking hot when you do that, Nance.”

“Glad you enjoyed the show,” she half jokes, half reprimands. “Wanna stick your cock back inside me so you can come, and me again?”

“No.”

Wait, what? Since when doesn't he want to fuck her? He can't be mad that she squirted come on him. Steve knew what he was doing, pushing her into doggy style.

“I want you to try something.”

“What.”

“Hurt me.”

“*What*,” she repeats in a totally different tone.

Steve puts his hands on his hips. “You don't have much room to shake your head at other people's kinks when you have a cheating kink.”

“So do you.” All the dirty talk of her fucking him, just try and say Steve doesn't have a weird cuckolding thing.

“In theory. You're practiced.”

It's not like Nancy can deny it. Hell, it's come up more than once in the two weeks since. Steve's really got a knack for describing what Jonathan's cock must have felt like in her cunt. Rather than get upset, Nancy redirects the conversation. “What kind of hurting?”

“I don't know. Fucking anything, Nance. I'm gonna tell you about something, but just remember. Bricks and glass houses.”

“Okay, what,” she says impatiently. No one likes their wrongs being pointed out.

"After Billy kicked the shit out of me, I was jerking off and heard my parents come home unexpectedly. I automatically put my hand over my mouth, like a reflex. And it felt good. I mean, it felt bad, but that felt good."

"So you like your bruises being pushed?"

"Yeah. I think I do. I'd probably like other stuff too, but it's hard to hurt yourself. It's not like I can spank myself."

"Sp- spank?" Nancy stutters.

"I'm not saying you have to do that. Just, pinch me or bite me or something."

Those options both seem less daunting. Things she can do with her body, rather than having to find a spatula or something. And while the 'you cheated you owe me this' stance is bullshit, since sex should never be about blackmail, Nancy can recognize the obvious. That being, if she's open to this pain kink of his, once she thinks up something weird she wants to try, hell have to try it with her.

So she sucks his dick, usual taste a bit off from the lingering flavour of condom. She's never blown him after sex before. Sticking his dick inside her has always gotten him off before. It's hard to feel inadequate though, when pinching him all over is winding him up tight. That and the story she's spinning about Jonathan fucking him in the Hawkins High darkroom, tying him up with the drying line and attaching every last clothes peg to his skin.

"I'd let him do that, you know," Steve says after he's caught his breath.

"I know."

"So what do we do now?" Steve asks.

"I don't know," Nancy replies. She's talking about more than the next section of date night. For the most part their relationship is okay again, back to normal. One instance that's not is post sex. There's a sense now of what they're missing. Jonathan comes up frequently in dirty talk. Even when he doesn't, Nancy thinks about him. She's

positive Steve does too. And that's the major elephant in the room. Not that she fucked Jonathan, but that Steve is jealous, because he wishes he had.

With both of them clearly not interested in talking, the only way to spend the rest of the night is the beautiful distraction of television. They've been watching MTV for twenty minutes when Nancy gets up and goes to the bathroom. She thinks as she sits on the toilet that now that she knows with certainty that both of them like Jonathan it's completely irksome being stopped. She's always been a girl who does things, from being six and demanding to be in tap dancing, to diving through a tree to the underworld because her friend is missing. There has to be a way to get what they want.

Her demeanour is much better going back in to the living room. She's not going to just sit around and let's things lay like this. Nancy is the captain of her own warship.

"What if he's queer?" she barges in and says.

Steve doesn't need a name. They both know the only 'he' who's sexuality they care about. "You don't really think he's queer, do you?"

Nancy sits on the couch beside him and continues her arguing points. "It's nineteen eighty, not nineteen fifty. Queer people exist now. You should know that." She's not trying to be a bitch, but at this point it's pretty clear it's not just heterosexual assplay. Steve is bisexual, at least for Jonathan. Nancy also has a theory about hatelust with Billy, but she knows better than to ever bring that up.

"Just because- I mean, how many could there be in one town?" It's as close as Steve's ever come in relation to calling himself queer, and Nancy would like to stop and give him brownie points for the admission. It might become its whole own thing though, and Nancy is a woman with a mission.

"Have you seen him go on a date with any other girl? Besides me?"

"Not quite a date," Steve jibs. "But no. That's half the reason everyone rips on him, the presumed virgin status."

“So maybe he’s almost totally gay. Maybe he hasn’t dated because it’s not exactly safe for him too. And liking me is a fluke. Real, but out of nowhere. Come on. Think about it. Would Jonathan Byers ever make the first move?”

Steve crooks his head in concession to the point. “You saying I should trap him in a reporters basement and ask him to fuck me open wide too?”

There’s such a thin line between offensive vulgarity and sexy talk. It feels like it gets thinner every day. According to every sense of morality, Nancy should feel shamed, or angry. What she does feel is a thrill of excitement.

“I’m saying we should,” she answers.

“Are you serious?”

“I don’t see how it could make things worse. Thinking about all the ways it could make things better will make me wet.”

Nancy can see Steve’s mind change in that moment. Maybe it’s him plastering on his bravado. Maybe he actually trusts her plan. Either way, his reply is, “why don’t you come over here and tell me a few of those ways?” It’s a filthy response that gives her hope for their future.